

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Girl Became a Burglar on Her Brother's Dare

DETROIT, MICH.—Mary is only nine years old, but already there have developed in her little head certain definite ideas regarding feminine rights and privileges. It was these ideas, brought out by a practical demonstration, that landed Mary and her eleven-year-old brother, Frank, in juvenile court the other day.

Mary was playing with her brother and several other boys when they informed her she couldn't play with them, "cause she's a girl, and girls are 'frisky cats'." This hurt Mary, and after dinner she insisted with her brother that she was as good as he was and that she could do anything that he could.

"No, you can't," replied Frank. "I'm going over and rob the house next door. I'm going to be a burglar, but you girls can't be burglars. You've got to stay home."

If girls couldn't be burglars, Mary would have to become a boy, for she insisted that she held the same rights. She hurried into the house and donned her brother's best suit.

"Now I can be a burglar," she told her brother, when she joined him a few minutes later. "And I can be a better burglar than you can. I ain't scared of the policemen. Come on and I'll show you I ain't scared."

Together the two youngsters crawled through the hole in the back fence and sneaked up to the house next door. A window opening into the coal bin in the cellar was found unlocked, and the pair squeezed through the opening, covering themselves from head to foot with coal dust. Clambering up the cellar stairs into the kitchen they found no one in the house, and for the next half hour they busied themselves collecting quantities of jam, cookies, silverware and kitchen utensils.

They toted their booty downstairs to the cellar window and escaped, but the next day the cruel hand of the law scattered all their youthful visions of burglarism, and one of the juvenile officers led them away to Judge Hulbert's court. The judge lectured them severely, informed Mary that women's rights did not necessitate the breaking of the law, and the children went home, after giving a solemn promise that they would not banter each other again into disturbing their neighbors.

Why a Pet "Biddie" Cost Its Owner a \$25 Fine

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Sunday. Time to dig in the garden: Emerged from the back door of his home at 1400 Hardesty avenue, Frank J. Letellier, plasterer. Embryo weeds were waited to weed heaven in short order. Letellier leaned on his hoe to contemplate and admire.

"Peck-peck-peck." He jumped in surprise, then looked down. A scrawny chicken was investigating the soil clinging to his shoe.

"Shoo," commanded Letellier. But the chicken wouldn't shoo.

Letellier looked back through his ill-ordered garden. A trail of depression, scraggly, irregular, leading back to a hole underneath the high board fence separating his from a neighbor's back yard, showed what way the chicken had come. He decided the necessity was for action, not words. So he and the chicken, pursued and pursued, put action in the film. They also put holes in the garden. Then Letellier captured his quarry.

A heave, and the chicken went over the fence.

"Say," spluttered R. H. Mock, the neighbor, clambering up the fence the next moment.

"Keep your chickens at home," said Letellier truculently.

"That's my pet hen. She landed on my face, me a sittin' here and readin' the paper," Mock returned.

Then backyard compliments were bandied.

Mock dropped back off the fence. He reappeared, clapping an ax, and vaulted over into Letellier's yard. Letellier beat retreat, but the ax was thrown, smiting a beloved heel as he vanished through the kitchen door.

Came later G. W. Couch, summoned policeman, who raised the siege, Mock having carried in the Letellier yard.

In the South side police court Mock was fined \$25.

Boy Gets New "Front" to Help in Finding a Job

CHICAGO.—Assistant United States Attorney Stansbury had deferred business long enough to feed some pigeons on the ledge of his office window the other day at the Federal building.

He was interrupted by a small boy, who walked into his office unannounced. The boy's clothes were ragged. But his hands and face showed from a recent scrubbing, and his hair was "plastered down."

"I'm John Pine, Mr. Stansbury. I've come to report," he said.

Stansbury remembered that he had prosecuted Johnny Pine two weeks before, after the sixteen-year-old boy's hunger had prompted him to steal a ham from a refrigerator car.

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"Well, there isn't much," said the boy. "I been huntin' a job, but I didn't have any luck."

"Why?"

"I dunno. Men just look up at me and say, 'The job's taken.'"

"Maybe it's your clothes. Stand up. Let's see how you look. You know, a whole lot depends on the front you present."

"Johnny" stood up. His tattered clothes explained his failure.

"Well, no wonder," said the lawyer. "Now you an I'll go out and see if we can't fix things up."

Stansbury left word he would be back in an hour. The lawyer and the boy went to a State street store. There "Johnny" was fitted out with clothing from head to foot.

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